

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

NEWTON FETTER, MILLER W. FATE, FETTER & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Isaac Ash, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa.

W. W. Mason, George A. Jenks, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillilan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Pa.

J. R. Harris, D. D. Parfett, HARRIS & FASSETT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Titusville, Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties.

W. P. Mercillott, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

TIONESTA, PA., Office on Elm Street.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR.

TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot.

TIDOUTE, PA., J. & D. MAEHL, Proprietors.

LOWER TIDOUTE, PA., D. S. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

IRVINGTON, PA., W. A. HALLBACK, Proprietor.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS,

Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S.

Collections solicited. 18-1y.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK,

Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 18.

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN, BLACKSMITHS

AND WAGON-MAKERS.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction.

Particular attention given to HORSE-SHOING.

Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 13-1y.

The Republican Office

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Books, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c. to be sold cheap for cash.

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT.

Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-11-ly.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF

Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa.

Yards & Office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Jos. Y. Saul, PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler.

Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

WM. FELLEIS, Newmarket, Pa. 9-5m.

EDWARD DITHRIDGE, E. D. DITHRIDGE

FORT PITT GLASS WORKS.

Established A. D. 1827.

DITHRIDGE & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF

Dithridge's xx Flint Glass PATENT OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS.

AND Silvered Glass Reflectors.

These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITHRIDGES. Take no other.

DITHRIDGE & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa. 25-1y.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage.

A good stable has recently been built to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Haslet's store. 25-1y.

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENN'A.

S. S. JONES - - - Proprietor.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.

HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of

FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class Grocery House, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, LARD, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, 72.

LLOYD & SON, WATER STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

HAVE JUST OPENED an extensive Stock of

FLOUR AND FEED, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

which they offer to the public at rates as low as can be obtained by any other establishment in town. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. 40-3m. LLOYD & SON.

A MIRACLE!

Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmertz & Co., Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 31 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been afflicted with chronic rheumatism for thirty years, from his right hip to his foot, having to use a crutch and a cane, at times so painful as to utterly incapacitate him from attending to his business.

Having tried every remedy known, without effect, except Gilliland's Pain Killer, he was finally induced to try it. A second application enabled him to lay aside his crutch, and a third effected a permanent cure. Mr. Bell is a popular and well-known citizen, is a living monument of the efficacy of that great medical discovery, Gilliland's Pain Killer. The afflicted should ask their grocer or druggist for it, and try its wonderful power. Mr. Gilliland, we understand, wants a respectable agent in every town and county for it. The principal office is at 73 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 31-48

The Religious Card Player.

A private soldier by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow, for playing cards during divine service.

The account of it is thus given in an English journal:

The Sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out; but the soldier had neither Bible nor Prayer Book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He first looked at one and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard coolly.

When the services were over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well, what have you brought the soldier here for?" said the Mayor.

"For playing cards in the church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not I will punish you severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Prayer Book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace it reminds me there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps."

There were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out."

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth."

"When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work which He had made and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and three wives."

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine of the ten who never returned thanks."

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone."

"When I see the King it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the Queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon told which were boys and which were girls. The King sent for water to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that too, if you will not get very angry."

"I will not, if you do not term me to be the knave," said Mayor.

"The greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me down here."

"I do not know if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool," said the Mayor.

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as in a year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I count fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year—and in counting the tricks I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So, you see a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac and Common Prayer Book."

The Paducah News tells this story for the truth of which it vouches: "A professional gentleman well known in this city had not seen his son for a long period of time, owing to the fact that the latter retired to bed ere the former returned home, and in the morning the father left before the son got out of bed. One morning the lady of the house managed to get the father and son together at the breakfast table, and by way of a joke remarked: 'Son, let me introduce you to your father.' 'How do you do, father?' said the hopeful; 'I don't remember ever having met you before, but I have heard ma speak of you.'"

Down Brakes!

"Ed." is a brakeman employed on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad. He was married only a few weeks ago. His wife has been wearing a piece of red flannel round her neck for the past ten days, and complaining of a wry neck. This is how it came to pass:

"Ed." had just been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and so had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course he was nearly worn out, and as soon as his supper had been eaten he went to bed, to sleep, perchance to dream. He was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus and Mary, and dreaming. Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toot of the whistle for breaks. The shadow train bore him swiftly on; the telegraph posts floated past quicker and quicker; the whole country fled by like a panorama mounted on sheet-lightning rollers. In his dream he heard far off another roar, and swinging out by the railings he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve. Both trains were crowded, and in another moment they would rush together, and from the piles of ruin a cry of agony would shiver to the tingling stars from the lips of the maimed and dying. The engineer had seen their danger, for at that moment, in his dream, he heard the whistle-calling for brakes sound loud and unearthly. With the strength of desperation he gripped the brake and turned it down. There was a yell of pain, and "Ed." woke to find himself sitting up in bed and holding his wife by the ears, having almost twisted off her head. That's how "Ed." wife came to wear a piece of red flannel round her throat and complain of a wry neck.—St. Louis Democrat.

The Quartermaster General of the army has just issued a circular giving information in reference to supplying head-stones or head-blocks for the graves in the National Military Cemeteries. Under the act of Congress 350,000 are required, and there is an appropriation of \$200,000 to pay for them, and as this is not sufficient, an extra appropriation will be asked for by the War Department from the next Congress. Each block or stone of a known soldier is to be marked with number of the grave, name of the soldier, rank, company, regiment, and date and place of death. The stones or blocks for unknown soldiers are to be inserted with the number and legend "Unknown United States Soldier." Proposals will be received for furnishing any kind of stone for any number of graves, there being no conditions as relating to material, iron, stone, marble, wood or composite coming under the bid. The Department, after receiving all of the samples, will adopt the style that is best suited, in their judgment, and have the same kind of stone or block in all the National Cemeteries.

Col. L. and a friend were one day walking the streets in Madison, Ind., when the conversation turned upon Irish wit. Col. L. said he doubted if it were so off-handed as generally thought. He believed that Irishmen studied it up.

"Let us prove it," said his friend, "on the first Irishman we meet."

A young Irish lad of about sixteen soon came in sight, walking towards them.

"Seize an arm," said his friend. They separated, one passing each side of the boy, each grabbed an arm.

"If the devil should come along now, which of the three would he take?" shouted the friend.

"Me, to be sure," said Pat. "He's sure o' yees any time."

The question was settled.

A Western lawyer was accused of being the owner of a dog which had bitten a testy old gentleman in the calf of the leg. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defence: 1st, by testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I can prove that nothing would make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a calf; 2d, he is blind and cannot see to bite; 3d, even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of age, fitness and severe lameness; 4th, granting his eyes and legs to be good, he had no teeth; 5th, my dog died six weeks since; 6th, I never had a dog.

A one-legged Welsh orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it was settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a deuced good thing if it had only settled in your head."

A ferry master at Sioux City, Iowa, arrests people if they paddle their own canoes across the stream.

How Joe Lost His Bef.

An old fellow named Joe Poole, very eccentric and an incorrigible stouter, was a constant loungee at a tavern in Waterford, Me.

One day a traveler from a distant part of the State, arrived at the tavern and was met by an old acquaintance, a resident of the town. After some conversation on different topics, the traveler was addressed as follows:

"By the way, Brown, look out for old Joe Poole to-night. You will know him quick enough by his stuttering. He will be sure to come around, and offer to bet that you've not got a whole shirt to your back. If you take him up, you'll surely lose by a trick he's got. He invariably lays his wager and always wins."

"Very well," said the traveler, "I will not let him get ahead of me. Much obliged for the caution."

The evening came, and a large crowd was collected in the bar room. Our friends were there, and old Joe Poole was presented and in his element.

"I tell you wh-what. You are nicely dressed, but I'll bet you ten dollars you haven't got a wh-whole shirt to your back."

"I'll take the bet," said the stranger. "Put the money in the landlord's hands."

This being done, the traveler pulled off coat, and was about following suit with his vest, when Joe cried out—

"Ho-ho-hold on. You've lost! Ha-half your shirt is in-front, and the other-half is on your ba-back!"

There was a roar of laughter, but the new-comer did not mind it, but pulled off his vest too, and quietly turning his back to Joe displayed to his astonished gaze a shirt neatly folded and placed underneath his suspenders.

Of course, the laugh was turned upon Poole, who acknowledged that he had lost the wager. He never offered to bet again.

A forest of the great Sequoia, the big tree of California, has been discovered in Keon county, in which the trees are said to be larger than any in the famous Mariposa and Callaveras groves. Mr. Nordhoff writes from this section: One tree was measured and found to be 43 feet in diameter—so I was assured by the person who measured it, the owner of a saw mill in this timber region. I told the man my hope that the saw mill owners would spare these great trees. He replied: "We have to spare them, for they are too big for us to handle. We can use the smaller specimens, but one of these big fellows cannot be cut down or saved with any tools we can use."

A happy couple started on their bridal tour recently from Peoria, Ill., and the blushing young bride thrust her head out of the car window as the train started off and after looking around for a moment or two, suddenly jerked her head back with a quick exclamation, and buried her face in her hands. Her loving, frightened husband sought to learn the cause of her dismay, and offered feeble consolation. After a considerable amount of coaxing he elicited the cause of the trouble. The lady had dropped her new set of false teeth out of the window. The unlooked for event cast quite a gloom over the entire journey.

As the worthy town crier of Nantucket was going his rounds on Tuesday afternoon, when in front of one of the boarding houses, he overheard a young man request one of the lady boarders, who was seated under an open window, to ask him where his bell came from. The crier rang up, and gave notice of what was to be sold by auction, when the lady, in a squeaky voice, said, "Mister, where did your bell come from?" "My bell," retorted the crier in no gentle voice, "came from the same place your manners did—from a brass foundry." The young lady asked no further questions.

A man in Oneida, N. Y., depends on lecturing for a living beyond any other man we know of. His sister left quite a property in trust for him; but, knowing him to be peculiar and to spend it all, her will provided that he should receive five dollars for every lecture he should deliver. And so he lectures morning, noon and night, as opportunity offers, or a little audience of children or adults can be gathered, if it be only a complainant family group at a breakfast table.

A young lady in San Francisco, who was engaged to marry her cousin, had bought her linen and plate and marked it with a mutual monogram, when the youth proved faithless and broke off the match. The devoted mamma, horrified at the thought that so much money should be wasted sailed forth in search of somebody possessing the same initials as the cousin. She found him, mademoiselle married him, and all is joy, peace silver and fine linen.

Savannah has a young and good-looking "burglar." The young fellows are very careless about leaving their windows open at night.

Crusoe's Island Colonized by Germans.

At a distance of less than three days' voyage from Valparaso, Chili, and nearly in the same latitude of this important port, on the coast of South America, is the island of Juan Fernandez, where once upon a time Alexander Selkirk, during a solitary banishment of four years, gathered the material for DeFoo's "Robinson Crusoe." This island, little thought of by the inhabitants of the Chilean coast-land, has lately become of some interest by the fact that in December, 1869 it was ceded to a society of Germany, under the guidance of Robert Wehrham, an engineer of Saxony, for the purpose of colonization. The entrepreneur of the expedition, Robert Wehrham, left Germany eleven years ago, passed several years in England, served as a major through the American war, and was subsequently engaged as engineer with the Ceropasco railroad in South America. He and his society, about sixty or seventy individuals, have taken possession of the island, which is described as being a most fertile and lovely spot. They found there countless herds of goats, some thirty half-wild horses and sixty donkeys, the latter animals proving to be exceedingly shy. They brought with them cows and other cattle, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations. The grove, made famous as Robinson's abode, situated in a spacious valley covered with large fields of wild turkeys—a desirable food for swine—was assigned to the hopeful young Chilean gentleman to whom the charge of the porcine part of the society's stock has been entrusted, and he and his proteges are doing very well in their new quarters. Juan Fernandez is one of the stations where whaling vessels take water and food.

A people may be known by its advertisements. In Pueblo, California, the prevailing amusement on Sunday afternoons is a "chicken dispute." In a recent number of the Colorado Chieftain the following announcement was inserted among the "business notices":

"Money loaned in moderate amounts on short time. Pre-emptors thusly accommodated. Office near where Sam Hin's rooster got killed. R. K. Swift & Co."

A little girl in a New York orphan asylum quarreled with another girl and scratched her face. For this she was punished and required to learn and repeat a verse from the Bible, being allowed to make her own selection. She chose the first verse of the Psalms, 144, which is as follows: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

A clergyman in a Lawrence church, on a recent occasion, discovered, after commencing the service, that he had forgotten his notes. As it was too late to send for them, he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

A fellow in Norwich was bitten by a dog. As soon as he recovered from his fright he declared he would kill the animal. "But the dog isn't mad," said the owner. "Mad!" shouted the victim, exasperatingly, "what in thunder has he to get mad about?" He evidently misconstrued the explanation.

The idea of reclaiming the Colorado desert by means of artesian wells has been broached. It is thought that a large subterranean stream runs under the desert, and that all that is necessary is to bore deep enough to strike it. Congress will be applied to for a grant as a recompense for boring these wells.

The other night a young man propounded the usual question to the idol of his heart. She laid her soft white hand in his, put her head upon his manly shoulder, gave a sweet sigh of resignation, and in dulcet accents, that sounded like sweet music upon the waters, whispered, "yes anything to beat Grant."

A young woman once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wish of her parents. After a short time they began to quarrel, and she attempted to return to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art and unto Dust thou shalt return." And she got up and "dusted."

Rector's Daughter—"Well, Dennis, how are you getting on? How do you like your new master?" Dennis—"Faith, Miss, I dunno. R. D.—"He's a very kind and excellent man; you can't do too much for him!" Dennis—"An' shure, Miss, I don't mane to!"

"The whole thing has gone to the devil," said a gentleman of some unfortunate speculation. "Never mind," said Jerrold, "you'll get it back when you die."

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch) one insertion - \$1.00. One Square " " one month - 3.00. One Square " " three months - 6.00. One Square " " one year - 10.00. Two Squares, one year - 15.00. Quarter Col. " " " " - 30.00. Half " " " " - 50.00. One " " " " - 100.00. Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year. Legal notices at established rates. These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. This rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of men doing business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

State Joke.

Hierocles, who lived in the sixth century, collected twenty-one jests under the general title of the Pedants, and in this fossil jest-book we find jokes that have been handed down through succeeding collections and have become old familiar friends. Among these ancient jests is the account of the man, who, for fear of drowning, determined not to enter the water until he was master of the art of swimming; of the man who complained that his horse died just as he had taught it to live without food; of the philosopher who carried a stone about him as a specimen of his house; of one who stood before a glass with his eyes shut to see how he looked when he was asleep; of the man who bought a cow to see whether it would live two hundred years; and of one who went into a boat on horseback, because he was in a hurry. Here we find the evernew story of a man who meeting a friend, asked whether it was he or his brother, who was buried; and the blundering excuse of the person who, not having attended to the request of a friend, said when he met him, "I'm sorry I never received the letter which you wrote to me about the books."

Rev. Mr. Hartly, of Philadelphia, must, we should imagine, have come fresh from the perusal of Hierocles when he forwarded to M. Thiers last year one of the original bricks of Independence Hall in that city, "with the earnest prayer that the legislators of our age, and which shall prove a model for other nations in securing the rights and liberties of their people."

Said Mr. Buckalew before he thought of running on the Democratic ticket: "I know Gen. Hartraut well, both as a public officer and a man. As Auditor General he has shown himself a most faithful, upright, efficient and accommodating officer and would make a good Governor."

The deacon of a church, upon whom a pastor had been settled, was praising his many good qualities to the deacon of a neighboring church. He declared that their new minister had but one fault in the world, and that was a propensity to become a little quarrelsome when he was drunk.

A small boy arose at a Sunday-school concert and began to sing glibly: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell—and fell—!" Here his memory began to fail him. "And—and fell by the roadside, and thorns sprang up and choked him."

Alexander Dumas, pere, was one day asked to contribute ten francs for the funeral of a bailiff who had died in destitute circumstances. "What!" exclaimed the great novelist, "ten francs for burying a bailiff! Here are one hundred francs—bury 'em."

A Pekin (